



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Madrigal Singers

The University of Alberta
Madrigal Singers
Leonard Ratzlaff, conductor
Kathleen Skinner, Assistant Conductor

Friday, April 8, 2005 at 8:00 pm



**Arts Building
University of Alberta**

Program

Dance, Clarion Air (1952)

Michael Tippett
(1905-1998)

Kripa Nageshwar and Kimberley Denis, soprano

Kristel Harder, alto

Caleb Nelson, tenor

Rob Curtis, bass

Mass in G Minor (1921)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

I. Kyrie

Kym White, soprano

Shannon Robertson, alto

Caleb Nelson, tenor

Rob Curtis, bass

II. Gloria

Kathleen Skinner, soprano

Kristel Harder, alto

CD Saint, tenor

Jordan van Biert, bass

III. Credo

Valerie Andriowski, soprano

Liana Bob, alto

Nathan Letourneau, tenor

Rob Clark, bass

IV. Sanctus

Osanna I

Benedictus

Kimberley Denis, soprano

Amy Gartner, alto

WeiHsi Hu, tenor

Rob Curtis, bass

Osanna II

V. Agnus Dei

Dawn Bailey, soprano

Erin Hooper, alto

Alex Eddington, tenor

Rob Clark, bass

Intermission

An Elizabethan Spring (1983)

Stephen Chatman
(b. 1950)

Kathleen Skinner, Conductor

Five Flower Songs (1950)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

1. To Daffodils
2. The Succession of the Four Sweet Months
3. Marsh Flowers
4. The Evening Primrose
5. The Ballad of Green Broom

Two Traditional Irish Melodies

Arr. David Mooney

- The Salley Gardens
Rakes of Mallow

Texts

Dance, Clarion Air

Dance Clarion Air,
Shine, stones on the shore, swept in music by the ocean,
Ah, shine, till all this island is a crown.

Christopher Fry

An Elizabethan Spring

1. Spring, the Sweet Spring

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring.

Thomas Nashe

2. There is a Garden in Her Face

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lillies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.

Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Thomas Campion

3. Urchins' Dance

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as a little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
Trip it, And about go we.

Anon (c. 1600)

Five Flower songs

1. Fair Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay, until the hastening day
Has run but to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

Five Flower songs (cont'd)

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die, as your hours do, and dry away
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick

2. The Succession of Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

Robert Herrick

3. Marsh Flowers

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull night-shade hangs her deadly fruit;

On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencill'd flower of sickly scent is seen;

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;

In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

George Crabbe

Five Flower songs (cont'd)

4. The Evening Primrose

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew
And hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on while night is by.
When day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers and is gone.

John Clare

5. Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man, Liv'd out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom.
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till t'was noon, bright noon;
The old man awoke one morning and spoke
He swore he would fire the room, that room
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom...

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom...
He sharpened is knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of Broom, green Broom...
When Johnny pass'd under a lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a lady's fine room, fine room,
She Called to her maid: "Go fetch me" she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom, green Broom,
Go fetch me the boy!"

When Johnny came in to the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your Trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom, and marry a Lady in full bloom?"
Johnny gave his consent and to the church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the Boy that sold Broom, green Broom, green Broom...

Anon

The Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley* Gardens
My love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens
With little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish,
With her would not agree.

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
As the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears.

W B Keats

*Willow

Rakes of Mallow

Beausing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, cursing, sinking
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus' true begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret drinking,
Then, like politicians thinking,
To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

When at home, with dada dying,
Still for mellow water crying,
But, where there's good claret plying,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days
In raking, as at Mallow.

Then, to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
Wishing again for Mallow.

Trad.

University of Alberta Madrigal Singers
Leonard Ratzlaff, Conductor
Kathleen Skinner, Assistant Conductor

Soprano

Suzanne Abele
Valerie Andriowski
Dawn Bailey
Gillian Brinston-Kurschat
Leanne Dammann
Kimberley Denis
Jill Hoogewoornink
Constance McLaws
Kripa Nageshwar
Kathleen Skinner
Erika Vogel
Kym White

Alto

Liana Bob
Christine Browne-Munz
Gabrielle Donnelly
Amy Gartner
Kristel Harder
Erin Hooper
Lisa Lorenzino
Janice Marple
Elizabeth McHan
Ugo Nzekwu
Evelyn Pfeifer
Shannon Robertson
Toscha Turner

Tenor

Jamie Burns
Ryan Herbold
Wei Hsi Hu
Nathan Letourneau
Jeremy Maitland
Caleb Nelson
Ian Trace
Jordan Van Bier

Bass

Jonathan Ayers
Montano Cabezas
Rob Clark
Rob Curtis
Dan Davis
Alex Eddington
Luke Ertman
Jonathan Kilgannon
Damon MacLeod
Adam Sweet
Mark Tolley
Anthony Wynne